Jesus Crucified Again, This Time in Ronald Reagan's America

Talks given from 6/11/87
Miscellaneous
1 Chapters
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The book of this title is a description of events centered around Osho's arrest and deportation form America. The book consists of interviews with those involved and excerpts from discourses.
Foreword:
This This A Thousand Times This # 4 30/5/88 pm
Part 1:
1. From Unconciousness to Consciousness #2 31/10/84 pm
2. From Darkness to Light #23 24/3/85 pm
3. From Darkness to Light #29 30/3/85 pm
4. From Personality to Individuality #18 16/1/85 pm
5. From Misery to Enlightenment #23 20/2/85 pm
6. From the False to the Truth #23 21/7/85 pm
7. From Unconciousness to Consciousness #9 7/11/84 pm

Part 2
1. From Unconsciousness to Consciousness #7 5/11/84 pm
2. From Ignorance to Innocence #3 1/12/84 pm
3. From Ignorance to Innocence #4 2/12/84 pm
4. From Darkness to Light #14 14/3/85 pm
5. From Personality to Individuality #28 26/1/85 pm

6. From Death to Deathlessness #28 2/9/85 pm
7. From Personality to Individuality #16 14/1/85 pm

Part 3:
1a. Last Testament Vol. 4 #28 6/12/85 pm
1b. Socrates Poisoned... #7 22/2/86 pm
2. The Sword and the Lotus #1 15/1/86 am
3. Beyond Psychology #37 30/4/86 pm (note 1)
4. Jesus Crucified Again... 6/11/87 pm (note 2)

note 1: Incorrectly dated in the book
note 2 This is the only discourse in the book not included elsewhere.

Jesus Crucified Again, This Time in Ronald Reagan's America

Chapter #1

Chapter title: None
6 November 1987 pm in Gautam the Buddha Auditorium

My beloved ones,
I have been away from you much too long. It has been a very painful absence for me. For seven weeks continuously I have been only filled with your love, your patience, your thirst, your longing.
These days were remarkable in many ways. Seven weeks before, I was infected in the ear. It was a simple thing; according to the best expert available here, Dr. Jog, it cures in four days at the most -- but it continued for seven weeks.

He has never come across such a case in his life. He could not believe it, because no medicine was working. He tried all kinds of medicines, all kinds of ointments. Finally he had to do an operation, but then the wound of the operation was not healing. Doctor Devageet thought perhaps it was something to do with my teeth -- he is my dental surgeon -- but nothing was found.

My personal physician, Dr. Amrito, immediately informed all sannyasin doctors around the world and asked them to contact the best experts about poisoning, because his own analysis was that unless I have been poisoned there is no possibility to explain why my body has lost all resistance. And as this idea became stronger in his mind, step by step he started searching into the matter and he found all the symptoms that can happen only if some kind of poison has been given to me.

I myself had been suspicious about it, but I have never mentioned the fact to anybody. The day I was arrested in America for no valid or even invalid reason, they refused to bail me out -- although the United States attorney argued for three days and concluded in the end by saying, "I have not been able to prove anything against him, but neither has the other party been able to prove anything."

It was hilarious, because the innocent cannot prove his innocence by any means, and no law in the whole world requires that an innocent person should prove his innocence. The burden was on the government of America, which had arrested me, to prove the reason for my arrest. And even though the United States attorney himself accepted the defeat, still the magistrate denied me bail. I had immediately an intuitive flash -- what could be the

reason? We offered to the government our own jet plane so that their pilot, their officers, could take me to Oregon because that was where the court had to take the case. The journey was only five or six hours at the most, but the government refused that offer. They said, "Only our airplane will take you." And their airplane took me to Oregon -- a six-hour flight was completed in twelve days. I was taken from one jail to another jail. In twelve days I had to pass through six jails, all over America.

In Oklahoma my suspicion became a certainty, because I landed in the middle of the night at a silent airport, and the U.S. Marshal himself was there to take charge of me. He himself was driving the car, I was sitting behind him. The man who was giving the charge to him whispered in his ear -- which I could hear without any effort, I was just behind him. He said, "This guy is world-famous and all the world news media is focused on him, so don't do anything directly. Be very careful."

I started thinking, What is their intention? What do they want to do indirectly? And as I reached the jail their intention became very clear to me.

The U.S. Marshal asked me not to fill in the form with my own name. I should write instead, "David Washington" as my name. I said, "According to what law or constitution are you asking me to do such a stupid thing? I simply refuse, because I am not David Washington."

He insisted, and he said, "If you don't sign the name `Washington' you will have to sit in this cold night on this hard steel bench."

I asked him, "You are a reasonable man, well educated; can't you see that it is a stupid thing you are asking me to do?"
He said, "I cannot answer anything. I'm simply fulfilling the orders from above." And `above' certainly means Washington, the White House, Ronald Reagan. Seeing the situation -- I was tired -- I told him, "Let us compromise. You fill in the form, you write whatever name you want to write. I will sign it."
He filled in the form. David Washington was my name, and I signed my own signature in Hindi. He asked me, "What have you signed?"
I said, "It must be David Washington." I said, "This will be a reminder to you that anything that you want to do -- directly or indirectly -- you will be caught. It is with your handwriting that you have written David Washington and it is my signature, which is world-famous and can be recognized without any difficulty. Your whole conspiracy has failed. I can see it clearly in your eyes, in your nervousness, in your trembling hands."
The idea was that if I write David Washington and sign David Washington, I can be killed, poisoned, shot and there will be no proof that I ever entered the jail. I was brought from the back door of the airport, I entered the jail also from the back door, in the middle of the night so that nobody can be ever aware -- and only the U.S. Marshal was present in the office, nobody else.
He took me to the cell and told me to take one of the mattresses, utterly dirty, full of cockroaches. I said to him, "I am not a prisoner. You should behave a little more humanly. And I will need a blanket and a pillow."

And he simply refused: "No blanket, no pillow. This is all you will get." And he locked the door of that small, dirty cabin.

Strangely enough, in the early morning at five o'clock he opened the door and he was a completely changed man. I could not believe my eyes, because he had brought a new mattress, a blanket, a pillow. I said, "But in the night you were behaving in such a primitive way. Suddenly you have become so civilized."

And he offered me breakfast early in the morning -- five o'clock. In no other jail I was offered breakfast before nine o'clock. I said, "It is too early -- and why are you paying so much attention?"

But he said, "You have to eat it quick, because within five minutes we have to leave for the airport."

I said, "Then what is the purpose of the mattress and the blanket and the pillow?"

He said nothing and simply closed the door. The breakfast was not much: just two slices of bread soaked in a certain sauce -- I could not figure out what it was -- tasteless, odorless.

Now, Dr. Amrito feels I was poisoned. Perhaps they poisoned me in all the six jails; that was the purpose of not giving me bail and that was the purpose in taking twelve days to complete a journey of six hours. A slow poisoning which will not kill me immediately, but in the long run it will make me weak -- and it has made me weak.

Since those twelve days in the American prisons, all sleep has disappeared. Many things started to happen in the body which were not happening before: disappearance of all appetite, food seeming to be absolutely without taste, a

churning feeling in the stomach, nausea, a desire to vomit... no feeling of thirst, but a tremendous sense as if one is uprooted.

Something in the nervous system also seems to have been affected. At times there has been a sensation of tingling all over the body which was very strong -- particularly in both my hands -- and a twitching of the eyelids.

The day I entered the jail I was one hundred and fifty pounds; today I am only one hundred and thirty pounds. My food is the same, but I have been losing weight for no reason at all. And a subtle weakness... And just three months ago, the bone in my right hand started hurting tremendously.

These are all symptoms of certain poisons. My hair has fallen, my eyesight has become weaker, my beard has become as white as my father's beard was when he was seventy-five. They have taken away almost twenty years of my life.

Dr. Amrito immediately informed all the doctors who are my sannyasins to approach all the best poison experts in the world. And one of the doctors, Dr. Dhyan Yogi, immediately took my blood samples, urine samples, samples of my hair, and went to England, to Germany, to the best experts. The European experts suggest that after two years there is no poison which can be detected in the body, but all the symptoms show that a certain poison has been given.

No resistance against disease, falling weight without any reason, hair becoming white before its time, hair falling out without any reason, tingling sensations in the extremities, loss of appetite, tastelessness, nausea, the bone pain in my

right hand... One of the experts, a doctor from Germany had come twice to check my bone; he could not figure out what kind of disease it is -- because there is no disease. The expert here -- Dr. Hardikar, a man who loves me -- has been here continuously watching for three months and has not been able to figure out why this pain should be there.
The European experts in England and Germany have suggested a name of a certain poison, thalium. It is a poison of a family of poisons of heavy metals. It disappears from the body in eight weeks' time, but leaves its effects and destroys the body's resistance against diseases. And all the symptoms that I have told you are part of thalium poisoning.
The American experts have suggested a different poison which they think has been used by governments against rebellious individuals. The name of the poison is synthetic heroin. It is one thousand times more dangerous than ordinary heroin. All the symptoms are the same as with thalium, but the poison is more dangerous and after two years there is no possibility to find any trace of it in the body.
The Japanese experts, who have been working in Hiroshima and Nagasaki on atomic radioactivity, have suggested that these symptoms can also be created in a more sophisticated way by radioactive exposure -- either while I was asleep, or food can be exposed to radioactivity and there is no way to find any trace of it.
One of the scientists who is immensely interested in me is coming within a week or two. He has been working for twenty years only on radioactivity. His suggestion is that the Americans, the bureaucracy in America, must have

used the most sophisticated poisoning which leaves no trace.

Dr. Amrito's own research... and he is a genius as far as medical science is concerned. He is a fellow of the Royal Society of Physicians in England, and he is a rare individual in the sense that he is the youngest man ever accepted by the Royal Society of Physicians as a member. He has all the highest qualifications. His own research is about a fourth, very uncommonly used poison. The name of the poison is fluorocarbon. This poison disappears immediately. Even within minutes, you cannot find any trace in the blood, in the urine, but all these symptoms indicate towards it.

It does not matter which poison has been given to me, but it is certain that I have been poisoned by Ronald Reagan's American government.

There is other circumstantial evidence for it. Because they had no evidence against me -- I have not committed any crime -- they blackmailed my attorneys, the best in America. The United States attorneys told my attorneys, "If you are interested in Bhagwan's life, it is better not to go for trial, because you know and we know that he has not committed anything, that all thirty-four charges are false. But in no case will the government of America be willing to be defeated in the court by a single individual."

They had named the case United States of America versus Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh. Now the greatest nation in the world, the greatest power in history, naturally would not like to be defeated in the court by a powerless individual. My attorneys came to me with tears in their eyes. They said, "We are here to protect you, but it seems impossible.

We cannot take the risk to go for trial, because we have been told very directly that your life is at risk. So we have agreed on your behalf to accept two nominal charges, just to give the American government a face-saving device, so that they can fine you and deport you."

This was just ten minutes before the court was to start, and in the Federal Court, Judge Leavy asked me just about those two charges that had been chosen by my attorneys to be accepted because they were just formalities. It was strange that out of thirty-four charges, Judge Leavy immediately asked me only about those two: "Are you guilty of those two crimes or not?" It is clear that Judge Leavy was also part of the whole conspiracy.

But I am a crazy man of my own type. I simply said, "I am." And my attorney, Jack Ransom immediately added -- he was standing by my side -- "guilty." So on the court record it has become the full sentence, "I am guilty." I have not said that at all. I would rather be crucified than to accept a false charge.

Outside of the court Jack Ransom told me, "You created such a strange situation. It is good that Judge Leavy has not taken note of it."

He immediately pronounced his judgment. That too is a strange thing. The judgment has to be written after my acceptance or denial, but the judgment was ready-made. It was there on the table, he simply read it out. Perhaps the judgment was not even written by him. Perhaps it was just given to him.

The judgment was that I was to be fined four hundred thousand dollars. My attorneys were shocked; they could not believe that for those two formal charges, which are

false, more than half a crore rupees are fined; deportation from America, for five years no entry, and if I should enter then ten years suspended jail sentence would have to be served. And I was told that I had to take my clothes from the jail immediately and my plane is waiting at the airport. I have to leave American immediately, so that I cannot appeal in a higher court.

I was taken to the jail. The Portland jail is the most sophisticated kind of jail facility. It was recently built; only three months before it had been opened. It is very sophisticated, with all the latest security measures. As I entered the jail, the ground floor was absolutely empty. There were all kinds of offices but there was nobody in those offices.

I asked the man who had taken me to the jail, "What is the reason why the whole ground floor is empty?"

He said, "I don't know."

But I looked into his eyes and I could see -- he knows.

As I was taken inside there was only one man in one room. The other man immediately left and the man in the room told me to sit on a particular chair. That was also strange because there were so many chairs; I could have chosen any. But he indicated to me that I had to sit on this chair. And he said, "I have to go to get the signature of my boss, so you will have to wait for at least ten, fifteen minutes."

Later on I came to know that there was no need of any signature of any boss. I myself could see on the form, and I asked the man, "Where is the signature of your boss? There is no need; the only need is my signature that I have received my clothes. No other boss is needed to sign it."

He was so nervous he was perspiring -- in an air-conditioned room. And because he was holding the form in his hand... the form was trembling, the hand was trembling. As I reached the airport the rumor reached immediately to me that a bomb had been found underneath my chair where I was sitting for fifteen minutes. Perhaps this was the arrangement, that if I insist for trial and don't accept that I have committed two crimes then it is better to finish me by exploding the bomb. That's why the whole ground floor was empty. And even the man in the room who was to give me my clothes disappeared in the name of taking the signature of his boss, and locked the room from outside. But because I had accepted the guilt and I had been fined, I had been told to leave America immediately, the bomb was not exploded. He must have gone to enquire what he was supposed to do, because he was not aware what had happened in the court.

One of my attorneys -- and also my sannyasin -- Swami Prem Niren is present here. I had left him two years before in tears in America, and he is still in tears -- tears of love and trust and immense helplessness against the primitive, brutal, and violent heritage of man.

Only such tears give a hope that one day man will be out of the clutches of animality. Niren knows the inside story of what happened to me and my beautiful commune, how brutally they were destroyed because of religious persecution by the fundamentalist, fanatic and bigoted Christians and politicians just because they could not tolerate a beautiful thing happening. They were aware that this was the beginning of the new man and the end of the old, of which they are the representatives. These parasites

of the society completely forgot all democratic values and humanitarian concepts when it was a question of their own vested interests being in danger. The commune in Rancho Rajneesh of five thousand sannyasins had exposed the priests and politicians and their conspiracy against humanity as such.

Another one of my attorneys -- Bob McCrea, a beautiful man with some understanding of what was happening -- told Vivek, my caretaker, after my last appearance in court, "It seems and feels to me that they have done it again. They have crucified Jesus again. I'm sorry and I feel so helpless."

It is absolutely certain that I had been poisoned, and these seven weeks I have been in an immense struggle.

I don't have any reason to live in the world. I have experienced, I have realized the very essence of eternal life, but something else forces me to linger on a little more on this shore before leaving for the further shore beyond.

It is you, it is your love.

It is your eyes, it is your hearts.

And when I say `you' I don't mean only those who are present here; I also mean all those who are spread all over the earth -- my people.

I would like these small sprouts to become trees. I would like to see the spring come to you all, the flowering of your ultimate being, the blissfulness and the ecstasy of enlightenment, the taste of the beyond.

These seven weeks you were not aware... you were simply thinking I was sick. Doctor Premda, my eye surgeon, had immediately rushed from Germany with the recentmost medications, but nothing helped against the poisons except

my meditations -- the only medicine that can transcend all that belongs to matter.
These seven weeks I have been lying in darkness almost the whole day and night, silently witnessing the body and keeping my consciousness unshadowed by anything.
I was struggling with death.
It was a fight between death and your love.
And you should celebrate that your love has been victorious.
This time Jesus has been crucified in America by Christians themselves.
But there is a strange story that Christians go on hiding from the world. They say that Jesus was crucified and after three days there was resurrection, but they don't say what happened after resurrection, where Jesus disappeared, whether he died after resurrection or not. If he has not died then he must be around somewhere. But the reality is, after Jesus was taken down from the cross -- and he was taken down from the cross only after six hours. The Jewish cross does not kill anybody in six hours; it takes forty-eight hours for any healthy man to die on a Jewish cross. And Jesus was a young man, thirty-three years old; six hours could not kill him, there is no possibility.
It was a certain arrangement between the disciples of Jesus and Pontius Pilate, the Roman governor of Judea where the Jews insisted that Jesus should be crucified. Pontius Pilate was not willing, because the man was innocent. But politicians are politicians. They cannot annoy the masses; they depend on the masses. Unwillingly, he gave the orders for Jesus' crucifixion but he made arrangements that the

crucifixion should be on Friday and should be delayed for as long as possible. So in the afternoon Jesus was crucified. Jews stop all work by the evening as the sun sets on Friday for their sabbath. Saturday they don't work at all. Because of this tradition Pontius Pilate and Jesus' disciples took advantage of the situation. Jesus had to be brought down from the cross because it was against the Jewish idea of sabbath; he would have to be crucified again after the sabbath was over.

He was kept in a cave which was guarded by a Roman soldier, not by a Jew, and in the night he was taken out from the cave. He was not dead... and the most surprising thing is that he escaped from Judea and he died in India. His grave is in Kashmir in a small village, Pahalgam. I have been to his grave. It is the only grave in India on which there is an inscription in Hebrew. The inscription says, "Joshua, the prophet of the Jews lies here in eternal sleep." Joshua is Jesus' real name, his Hebrew name. Jesus is his Greek name.

He lived a long life in India, one hundred and twelve years. And pahalgam in Kashmiri means "the village of the shepherd." Jesus used to call himself the shepherd, and he had gone there with his disciples -- because of him, the village became known as Pahalgam.

The story is repeated again. I was crucified-this time in America... and these seven weeks I have been struggling against the poison.

And I am happy to declare to you that the crucifixion is over and I am resurrected.

It is symbolic that Jesus is crucified this time in America and is resurrected in India. It is symbolic in many

dimensions. It is the victory of love over hate. It is the victory of life over death. It is the victory of East over West. It is the victory of truth over criminals like Ronald Reagan. It is the victory of consciousness over body.
These seven weeks I have been only thinking of you.
It would have been immensely painful for me to leave you in this beautiful state when you have started growing upwards.
My garden is still a nursery.
I would leave the body rejoicingly the day I see you all have blossomed and you have released your fragrance and you have attained your destiny. The day I see the great pilgrimage -- from here to here, from crucifixion to resurrection -- is over for you all then I can go with a dancing heart and melt into the universal consciousness. And I will be waiting there for you still.
It is certainly of tremendous importance that even after twenty centuries a man like Jesus will be crucified by Christians themselves. It was a conspiracy of the fundamentalist Christians of America and Ronald Reagan.
Perhaps civilization is still an idea -- it has not happened in reality.
I would like my people to transform themselves and through them I would like to bring authentic civilization and humanity to this beautiful planet.
There is only one religion, and that is the religion of love. There is only one God, and that is the God of celebration, of life, of rejoicing.
This whole earth is one and the whole humanity is one. We are parts of each other.

I have no complaint against those who have poisoned me. I can forgive them easily. They certainly do not know what they go on doing.

It is said that history repeats itself. It is not history that repeats itself; it is the unconsciousness of man, the blindness of man that repeats itself. The day man will be conscious, alert and aware, there will not be any repetition anymore. Socrates will not be poisoned, Jesus will not be crucified, Al-Hillaj Mansoor will not be murdered and butchered. And these are our best flowers, they are our highest peaks. They are our destinies, they are our future. They are our intrinsic potential which has become actual. I am sure you will not have any anger in your hearts or any hatred for anyone, but just an understanding and a loving forgiveness.

That is the only authentic prayer. And only this kind of prayerfulness can raise humanity to higher levels of consciousness.

I have absolute inner certainty: they may have been able to poison my body, my nervous system, but they cannot destroy my consciousness, they cannot poison my being. And it was good that they have given me a chance to see myself beyond my body, beyond my mind.

These seven weeks have been a fire test. Without your knowing you have always, each moment of these seven weeks, been a tremendous help to me. Without your love it would not have been possible for me to overcome the poison, because without your love there would be no need for me even to struggle. I am fulfilled and absolutely contented; I have arrived home. But I see you are stumbling, groping, and it will be very heartless and

uncompassionate for me to leave you in this situation. I would like in all your lives a sunrise, the birds singing and the flowers opening. Other than that, I don't have any reason to be here at all.

Remember it: I am here for you.

That remembrance will help you not to go astray. That remembrance will help you to be aware of the uncivilized world in which we are living, in this madhouse that we call humanity. It will go on reminding you that we have to give birth to a new man and to a new humanity.

This is the tremendous challenge. Those who have guts and intelligence and a desire and a longing to touch the farthest stars... only those very few people have been able to understand me, have been able to become my fellow travelers. I don't have any followers -- I have only lovers and friends and fellow travelers.

I would like you all to reach to the same beatitude, to the same blissfulness, to the same ecstasy that has become my very heartbeat. It is also the heartbeat of the whole universe.

Okay, Vimal?

Yes, Osho.